

THE GATEWAY

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FOUR PAGES

Dr. Tory Recalls the Good Old Days at McGill

Notable Persons and Incidents When the President Was An Undergraduate

When one undertakes to write in a paragraph or two reminiscences of college days the difficulty that presents itself is one of selection. What of the many thousand things that surge up in one's mind would be interesting to recall to those who in the college of today have so different a life. Perhaps, I had better write about a few outstanding persons and things connected with life in my own University, thirty-five years ago.

When I entered McGill as a student, there was one notable personality on the staff, one man who was known all over the scientific world. I refer to the late Sir William Dawson (who was then Principal), one of the founders of modern Geology. There were many other great teachers

but the life of the place was permeated by the personality and ideals of the Principal. Sir William Dawson, a Nova Scotian by birth, a Scotchman by descent, had been brought up on oat-meal porridge and the Shorter Catechism. He was an intensely devout man and a strong believer in the Edinburgh tradition. Although a profound student of science he clung to old fashioned traditional views on all problems relating to the moral and religious life.

At that time, the great laboratories which have since grown up on the McGill campus were unknown and the teaching of science centred around Sir William and the splendid museum which is still to be seen on the McGill campus. The whole Chemistry Department consisted of a lecture room and two small laboratories in the basement of the Old Arts Building. The whole space devoted to Chemistry was not as large as one of the great laboratories that we have in the University of Alberta. The teaching staff consisted of one professor and an assistant. The professor was the late Dr. Harrington, one of the most beautiful characters and ablest teachers that I have ever known.

The Physics Department was still a branch of the Mathematical Department. At the head of it was a genial old Irishman, a graduate of Dublin University, Dr. Alex. Johnson, familiarly known to all the students as "Pat" and who himself appreciated the familiarity. He, too, was of the old school of thought, especially in connection with all social matters. The Physics Department had at that time no laboratory at all for the pass students. There was a small electrical laboratory for the Honours students.

Another prominent figure was Dr. Henry Bovey who was Dean of the Engineering Faculty, the work of which at that time was done in connection with the Faculty of Arts. The great Macdonald Engineering Laboratories were not put up during my student days. The splendid Physics Building was not opened until 1892, the year that I began my career as junior instructor in the University. It was in connection with the problems of setting up the Physics Laboratories and establishing them on an experimental basis that I found myself a student in the Cavendish Laboratories, Cambridge, the first student from McGill who had gone there to study Physics.

In those days there was great rivalry between the Faculty of Arts and the Faculty of Science, the students in Arts standing up for "Pat" as he was called and the students in Applied Science standing up for Dr. Bovey who was familiarly known as "Henry." Dr. Bovey was the author of a great book on the "Theory of Structures," a very big and very expensive book. If my memory serves me the price was \$7.00. Dr. Bovey was very sensitive to criticism with respect to this book, especially as it was so high in price. I recall a very funny incident connected with it. In the Annual, the booklet which was published in McGill at that time, corresponding to our graduation number in the University of Alberta, one of the Applied Science students had written a little rhyme. Dr. Bovey lectured on the contents of his book once a week at twelve o'clock. There had been his special hour for a considerable number of years. The rhyme as I recall it ran like this:

Henry has a little book,
It cost just seven dollars.
On Thursday noon of every week
Upon it Henry hollers.

I was one of the young instructors at the time very well acquainted with all the students, as I worked in both the Faculty of Arts and the Faculty of Applied Science, and I recall Dr. Bovey meeting me on the street and demanding that I find out for him who wrote the rhyme. He was determined that the man should be turned out of college. I had great difficulty in refraining from laughter. On going into the Faculty Room I met Dr. Johnson and, chuckling over the thing, told him what had happened. He gave me a very funny look and said, "How queer of Henry, why the boys call me 'Pat' and I rather like it."

All these men have passed into the great unknown, each in his way having done a great work. Sir William Dawson left such a permanent

The Menu

With a bow and a scrape the waiters lay the menu before the guests. The guests have a right to be critical, for not only have they paid for their dinner, but, alas, they remember also that only yesterday the waiters sat with them at table and joined in the criticism. "Come, now," say the guests, "you've been preaching all these years; suppose you practise a little; and if the meal is indigestible or there are any misprints on the menu card, we'll tie you on the back of a printer's devil and send you where you belong."

Poor waiters! Before the meal is over, they may be in full flight—but at least they have tried to provide a varied menu. After this editorial 'pate de foie gras' (or is it only a prohibition cocktail?) they offer three varieties of satirical soup, 'en vers,' two of them concocted out of ancient recipes, and one from a recipe extremely up-to-date. Perhaps the soup has too much pepper in it, but the professional worm must turn occasionally, you know. He has been the butt of student-jest from time immemorial (Waiters and worms! How these professors of English do mix their metaphors!). With the soup cleared away, you will find before you the real 'piece de resistance'—a 'ragout academique,' which Cooks Tory, Cameron, and Gordon have zealously stirred together and mixed with old-world flavours. Follows then a dish of game, from the sport page, and an entree compounded by a lonely bachelor, to whom evidently an entree is of the utmost importance. Then a relish, properly served in its raw state and consisting indeed of things that are never done. Finally, for desert, a pudding, cooked to a delicate ironical brown by that excellent domestic, Alexander, 'coquus siccilossus,' who, for reasons more deserving of pity than blame, could not secure the proper ingredients for the sauce.

Behold then, Masters, the menu is before you. The waiters do not ask for tips; they will be satisfied with forgiveness.

The Ways of Oxford: Freedom and Discipline

Traditions, Sports and Studies at the Oldest of the Universities.—Have a Good Time—But Watch for Proctors

The University of Alberta is younger than any of her sons or daughters. But the hoariest Master of an Oxford college, an old bent figure who has to be lifted in and out of a hansom, is like a new-born child in that place of medieval towers and traditions. The reminders of the past are on every hand, in the walls of colleges and in the memories of men. The old steward at Magdalen, who had served the college all his life, had, as a boy of fifteen, been present at the funeral of Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen, who died at the age of 99. Now, Routh had seen Dr. Johnson, and so in three steps you found yourself back in the eighteenth century. He must be a very dull Oxford freshman who has no feeling for the vanished throngs

who have walked the High before his day for almost a thousand years.

But a freshman on his arrival has not much time for such day-dreaming. He has to set up his establishment, by laying in sheets, tablecloths, knives, forks, and countless things (which he thinks necessary), bearing his college crest. He shouts down the staircase for his 'scout' and issues lordly commands, and finds they are obeyed. These 'scouts' do innumerable things for you. They fill the tin bath in which you shivering begin the usual sulky, drizzly Oxford day. They plead with you to get up, with 'Come, sir, show a leg.' When you have a 'bingle' they wait on the table with a gravity which no amount of undergraduate rowdiness can disturb. In short, they make you feel vastly important.

A freshman suffers no formal initiation. He is merely asked out to breakfast by seniors, for breakfast is the sociable meal in Oxford, though as often as not you have to get your host out of bed. He returns this hospitality, and gradually settles down as a member of his college on an equal footing with anyone else. If he proves unpleasant to live with he is more or less left alone, and usually that is all. Occasionally an offensive person is 'debagged,' that is, made trouserless, some night in the quad, the mild Oxford climate favoring such amusements.

The river is one of the great things in Oxford, especially in the summer term. It is pleasant to stay out late then in punt or canoe, with an armful of books which you never read, and then home to supper in your room instead of dinner in hall. For there are decent canoes in Oxford, and on Sunday you can go far up the river, lunch at some King's Arms, and then drift downstream in the dusk. Sometimes the river floods the low-lying fields and you can paddle over what used to be football grounds or up lanes now become canals. If you go in for rowing you get to know one stretch of the river with painful intimacy. You sweat there five afternoons a week, and listen to the coach on the towpath. For abusive profanity a rowing-coach can hold his own anywhere. The nearest he ever comes to praise is to say, "You were better than this month ago." But if in the races you 'bump' the crew ahead that makes amends for any abuse, and you think well of yourself once

ing houses, without any social opportunities. Activities like the Literary Society were carried on by a few, the vast majority taking no interest in such organizations. The men of the different faculties seldom saw each other. On the whole our life was far less varied than the student life of today. Perhaps we were better students as a consequence. I am not sure!

St. Andrews: The City of the Scarlet Gown

Librarian Recalls Bejant Days in The Haunted City-By-The-Sea.—Scotland's Oldest University

It should be a humiliating thing, no doubt, but I find it altogether delightful, that when I sit down to write something edifying for 'Gateway' readers about undergraduate days at the University of St. Andrews—which, by the way, is not in this world at all, but in the adjacent Kingdom of Fife—the memories that flock to the call are to a negligible extent of sombre or edifying aspect. Professors (many now among the shades), and lectures, and where the library stood, could no doubt still be recalled by diligent rummaging among memory's odds and ends, but these things have a hard fight for survival; at the very name of St. Andrews, the mind of her sons is filled to overflowing with a vision of the little grey city by the northern sea. Up from the harbour, past the gaunt ruins of the cathedral, and down again by St. Salvador's, to the links that lie out broad and fair towards the Eden, the city lies, aged, venerable, and altogether lovely.

The University dates from the year 1410. The first charter was granted a year later, and various foundations in the following centuries were at last united into the present organisation. The founders and benefactors are still piously remembered. Kit Kennedy lived in the fifteenth century, but his name is still as well known as the name of the present Principal. It is on the day named after him that the slight initiation takes place. The magistrates catch the bejants, and extract from them a pound of raisins, for which a receipt in Latin must be given, and a kind of feudal relationship for the rest of the year follows. The addition of almonds must be regarded as a modern corruption of the old ways, I fear.

The city itself has come down from Pictish days, according to tradition, and near it are found the remains of a church of the sixth century. In more recent days the castle, the Cathedral, and the Town Church played prominent parts in history. It still thrills the Scottish undergraduate to look from the window from which Cardinal Beaton watched the death of George Wishart, and from which he was himself afterwards thrown to his death, and to see the pulpit from which Knox preached his first sermon, but the sight of glorious buildings in ruins is a sad commentary on the days of strife.

The registrar would tell you that there were less than 400 students in my day, but you will not believe him. No student who has ever worn the scarlet gown completely leaves St. Andrews; it haunts him and he haunts it to the end of his days. Right well does each successive generation of bejants know that, and it is to the surrounding shades they cling when they raise the tune of the ballad of Andrew McCrie, or again invoke the aid of the Beloved Peeler. St. Andrews, like the Jerusalem of old, has been blessed in her singers. When I put on the scarlet gown, the century had still a few years to run. Most of the students followed the old curriculum, for the numerous options are of recent years. Nearly everyone took both Latin and Greek, and the students who elected to take the courses that were being offered at the newly founded Marine

Biological Station were regarded as proper subjects for the exercises of student wit. The law of the survival of the fittest was in full career; no one tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. If the Greeks had ever said, "Root, hog, or die!" it would have made a good motto for the Scottish universities.

The social life of St. Andrews was more developed than that of Edinburgh; the small number of students made it possible to know everybody, and there was reasonable, if restricted, social contact with the professors. The men had no residences, but the women students had, and an occasional serenade was part of the unofficial curriculum. Athletics took no very pronounced place in student life, but most men played golf now and again, not as it is played now, but calmly and discreetly. Collecting hobbies were ardently pursued, and such articles as other people's bell-pulls, name-plates, door handles, and even shop signs were in great demand. To be a bell-pull collector required nerve, as it was not often possible to remove the pull without ringing the previous owner's bell violently. 'Rags' were in vogue, but not unknown. When the students were retiring after one, the police called out: "You needn't run, Mr. R. we know you." R. was a theological student. After paying his fine of seven and sixpence, he asked how they knew him in the dark. The sergeant told him that he had been at a prayer meeting addressed by R. the night before, and knew his voice!

The great excitement of undergraduate days was provided by the Rectorial election, which sometimes was a serious affair. The year before I went to St. Andrews the election raised some question which split the students into two violently hostile camps, and a large part of the session's work was lost. Even a year later there was smouldering fire, and it only took a word to create trouble. One class was reported to have missed three weeks' lectures on end.

Education was not a very expensive thing in Scotland in those days; a man who knew how to do without things, and most of us did, could go through a session in moderate comfort for say \$150, and many a fine student took home an armful of medals on less. I have known a student to faint in class after too long a diet of unrelieved red herring.

They are gone, the days when friends in scarlet gowns and coloured tassels, to indicate their years as bejant, semi, or tertian, wandered through the ancient halls; gone too the days when old Tom Morris might be seen holding his own against the young blood on the links, or Andrew Kirkaldy, with passionate energy, defying distance, or on rare days, Freddie Tait, most finished of golfers. Aristotle himself would have cut an odd lecture for that, and what the golfers on our own staff would have done can only be left to the imagination.

Now, before the blue pencil descends, let me but say, that there is no doubt that Providence could have made a finer place for a University than St. Andrews, but there is equally no doubt he never did.

—D. E. CAMERON.

THINGS WHICH NEVER HAPPEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Dr. Lehmann tells a story only once.

One hundred per cent. pass in Physics 1.

Ham and eggs for breakfast every day.

Med Night is very refined.

Students give a Prof a box of cigars for Xmas.

Dr. Sheldon forgets to mention a Graph.

The Students' Union decides to hold its meetings in the evenings.

Professors are sick quite often.

Professor Sonet speaks in a whisper.

The girls decide not to engage dances before the evening of the dance.

Sunday morning service is crowded with students.

Students request a Professor to lecture a half hour overtime as they are interested, and are willing to give up football practice.

The boys decide to see that every girl in Pembina is invited to the University dances.

Professors are paid higher salaries than milkmen.

servant robes you with your new gown—not unlike those prescribed for use in the University of Alberta, and then you sail down the High full of glory and trying to look natural.

—R. K. GORDON.

Staff and students agree to keep to the walks, and not to make the Campus unsightly by the erection of wire fences.

Mr. Weir buys his own tobacco and matches.

Students are debarred from attending lectures if they fail to make two touchdowns in football.

Dr. MacGibbon misses a Saturday night dance.

Miss Russell refuses a motor ride.

Every student keeps awake during lectures.

The staff undertakes to publish The Gateway more than once.

The staff is invited to the Colonial Ball.

Dr. Tory misses the Colonial Ball.

The Librarian says, "I would rather not have an argument."

Dr. Killam preaches on Sunday morning, and Dean Boyle reads the service.

LIBRARY HOURS EXTENDED

The Reading Room in the Arts Building is now being kept open until 6 p.m. (except on Saturdays), for the convenience of students who desire to remain until that hour.

THE GATEWAY

Undergraduate newspaper published weekly by the
Students Union of the University of Alberta

Editor-in-chief.....Wilfred Wees
Associate Editor.....Mark Levey
Business Manager.....Duncan McNeil
Advertising Manager.....Armour Ford
Circulation Manager.....Bessie Mitchell

FACULTY NUMBER

Edited for the Men's Faculty Club by E. K. Broadus
and R. K. Gordon.



COLLEGE SPIRIT IN CLASS

'College spirit' is a sacred platitude. Even freshmen talk about it, and, what is worse, write solemn essays about it, and deplore its decay. What does it mean? To freshmen and perhaps even to the higher beings in the other years, college spirit seems to mean chiefly willingness to support the different teams, to turn out to dances, to serve on committees, and so on. This is all very sensible, but college spirit of this kind can be left to look after itself. Undergraduates are fond of insisting that we do not go to a University merely to read books, and that "our outlook on life" may become narrow by excessive study. From such narrowness our students are remarkably free. Each batch of first test results is evidence of their broad-mindedness. Now should not college spirit,—that is, the desire to work for the place and not merely for oneself—be equally proper in reading as well as elsewhere? If a man does a thoroughly good piece of work in an essay, in a lab. or on an examination, it not only brings him a pass, or honours, or a prize, it also brings credit to the University. It does another thing also. Eagerness in a class does more than most students ever realize to improve lectures—and most of them can be greatly improved. Nothing is more deadening than rows of inert faces. A keen class gets the best a lecturer can give; but passive buckets waiting to be pumped into, and willing to take whatever is pumped, only get what they deserve. The college spirit seen on the rugby field could and ought to be transferred to the class rooms, but, like other transplanted things, it needs care in its new surroundings.

THE EDITORS CONFESS

When Puck indulged in a certain sweeping generalization about mortals, he didn't leave us out. We thought when we took over this job, that it was easy, and that we'd show the undergraduate editors a thing or two. When we had got together our first batch of stuff, we sat back, thought rather well of ourselves, and wrote "The Menu". We were in rather a complacent mood then, even though we pretended to be very modest and apologetic.

Then Jimmy Bill came in, and politely but firmly pointed out to us, first, that what we had wouldn't come anywhere near filling one issue of The Gateway, and, second, that we didn't have any "stories" (not works of fiction, Dear Reader, but "news-stories")—real newspaper stuff, such as a genuine newspaper like The Gateway had to have to preserve its self-respect. As our visitor talked, we shrunk and he swelled, until he became a veritable Bill of Indictment. Humbly we admitted that we hadn't any "stories", and didn't know how to get any. Then the Bill relented and became a Promissory Note. He consented to do one himself, and gave us half a dozen good leads which, with the docility of errand boys, we promptly followed up. Thereupon peace reigned once more in the editorial office, and after a little billing and cooing our visitor departed.

So, and only so, Dear Reader, was this number of The Gateway saved from disgrace and ourselves from extinction.

TWO POETS VISIT EDMONTON ON INITIATION DAY

I.

MILTON REDIVIVUS

Of folly sophomoric, and pajamas
Uncouthly draped about the nether limb.
Sing, ignominious Muse, that erstwhile soared
Above the stars, but now, bedraggled, base,
Doth lead me in an evil hour thus
To tread the dust of Jasper Avenue.

Yea, tell, if tell thou must, such fate,
Such sore affliction being thine to speak,
Of human folly passing even that
These eyes beheld when in my stainless youth
I watched Collegians writhe their clergly limbs
And mouth and mime upon the stage at Christ's.

Yea, tell—for now no longer can the tale
By art of invocation be deferred—
Of thronging youths who Education seek
Upon the highway and the crowded mart.
Wisdom, methought, and sage experience,
Good books wherein the knowledge cumulate
Of master spirits hath been treasured up,
Respect for self, the body's worth, the soul's
High privilege—these, methought, had been
Their goal, the object of their steadfast search:
And here, beginners in that journey long,
Initiation apt they seek—and find!

For pilgrims manifest they are, whose goal,
Bystanders say, lies where the Jasper crowds,
The corner-loafers, wait them with a jest,
Ready, as ever such, to laugh not with
But at them. "Behold," say they who watch,
"The University. They come and show
Themselves to us thus once a year. Behold
The dirty and bedraggled rags that hang
About their legs. Behold their faces smeared
With filthy grease; their grossly matted hair—
How pleasant is it thus to be reminded
Of our great Seat of Learning once a year!"

So say they, as I thread the jesting throng.
And I, who, foretime, trod a thorny way
To gain the goal—I pause and meditate
The letter writ to Hartlib long ago.

II.

VACHEL LINDSAY ON THE JOB

The Jasper Trail—A Humoresque
(To be read or sung in a rolling bass with
some deliberation)

Tum. Tum. Tum. Tum.
Out from Varsity the Freshmen come.
Listen to the rolling of the big bass drum.
Four little Sophomores riding on in front.
Hoop la, but isn't that a stunt?
Ninety-seven Freshmen trailing on behind.
Gosh, but aren't those ninety-seven kind
To the four little Sophomores who try to make them
mind!

(To be sung or read with great speed)
Grease, grease, grease, grease.
Somebody, somebody, call the police.
Nevermind, nevermind, they all like grease,
Smear it on, smear it on, darn the old police.

(In an even, deliberate, narrative manner)
The animals go by, two by two.
"We like being animals, I thank you.
Good Father Noah, he's waiting by the Ark;
Waiting and a-waiting for us to embark;
Waiting by the Ark for us, don't you see,
For our four years' voyage to the Bachelor's degree?"

(Louder and louder, faster and faster)
Tum, Tum, Tum, Tum,
Here we come, Oh, here we come,
All dressed up and a long way from 'hum'.

(At first tenderly, and then
with lungs of triple brass)
And over there enjoying it is little Rachel Jane,
Waiting on the corner, watching us raise Cain—
Freshette, Freshette, here we are again,
Hitting it up, hitting it up, with all our might and
main!

(To be read or sung well nigh in a
whisper)
And close beside, the Rachel-Jane
Sings to herself this musical refrain:
"Youth, Youth, Youth, Youth,
Dew and glory, love and truth,
Nice little boys parading on the street,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, s-w-e-e-t."
—E. K. B.

III.

LUCY GRAY

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray,
For when we crossed the campus
There never passed a single day
But she would try to vamp us.

No Maths, no Latin Lucy knew;
For these she had no yearning.
—The cutest thing that ever grew
Within the halls of learning.

You yet may spy the staid B.A.,
The Freshman looking green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night, my dear, is Saturday night—
We over town must go,
To gaze on Jasper's brilliant light,
And see a picture show."

"That, Willie, will I gladly do;
And I'll be ready soon."
They saw the show, had supper too,
And walked home by the moon."

Each night in rattle-headed crowds
They sought for new sensations.
Nor heeded they the threatening clouds—
The term examinations.

The storm came duly in its time:
She rued the course she held on;
She saw her credits downward climb—
And so did Doctor Sheldon.

He sent the Freshman Com. a call
To sit on Lucy Gray:
They sat upon her, one and all,
And squashed her clear away.

Her fellow students day and night
Went seeking far and wide,
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide,

Until one day within the hall
When all the tests were through,
The standings posted on the wall
Gave them at last a clue.

Downward through that column dark
They tracked her test-marks small;
In some she had a little mark,
In some she'd none at all.

On down through Latin, Physics, French:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them till (ah, luckless wench!)
To English 1 they came.

They scanned that list in blank amaze,
Those credits, one by one;
And when they came to Lucy Gray's
They found that she had none.

Alas! in writing weekly themes
She'd been a bad defaulter.
She's here no more, in frenzied dreams
To worry Mr. Salter.

Yet some maintain that in these days,
Upon our windy campus
You still may see sweet Lucy Grays,
The girls that try to vamp us.

Across the grass they trip along
With Athabaskan beaux,
Humming the latest jazzy song,
Toward the picture shows.

—J. T. J.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Editor, The Gateway,

Sir—I seek the courtesy of your columns to make a proposal which has, I am certain, so much to commend it, that I am at a loss to understand why it has not been suggested before this.

All the members of the various Faculties of this University cordially recognize the great and, I may say, the humanizing influence of intercollegiate athletics as practised exclusively by the students at the present time. It is true that in some effete colleges of the American East there are men like President Meiklejohn who are not so cordial on this subject, but may I be permitted, Mr. Editor, in the full flush of patriotic fervor to thank whatever gods may be that in this respect we have no truck or trade with the Yankees? This influence which I have referred to as great and humanizing is disclosed in the facts (a) that all intercollegiate sports conducted at home require at least a day's holiday for all of us, and for the teams that go abroad anything up to a week, (b) that during these periods and for a considerable space of time before and after them, college work so-called is quite superseded by "college activities," universally recognized in the world of culture as affording immediate relief for brain-fag incurred by weary students engaged in the pursuit of that knowledge which so successfully eludes many of them, (c) that each of these events is attended by suppers and dances, more especially the latter, which afford rare opportunities for connoisseurs of both sexes to appraise the charms of a cosmopolitan prairie society.

It has long been a matter of regret to me that the Faculties of our western universities have failed to recognize that they too should cultivate these broadening influences by inaugurating a series of inter-university staff sports. It is not, of course, suggested that they should for the present step down into the vulgar arena of rugby, soccer, hockey, and the track, though one may contemplate with equanimity the time when the principles upon which university faculties are selected will make such things possible; I have in mind rather such things as golf, tennis, bridge and poker.

In connection with contests in these branches of sport I should like to point out (1) that the professors would be brought in this way to understand the students' point of view, something which is absolutely essential if our institutions of higher learning are to endure at all, (2) that the number of university holidays would be materially increased until it would be a close run between ourselves and Mexico as to which had devised more relaxation for the over-wrought human spirit, (3) that in addition to this the minds of the professors would be so distracted with their practices before the games and their post-mortems and alibis afterwards, that finally no student would have to fear more than three or four weeks of actual mental effort a year, a situation certain to stimulate college attendance among that class of deserving young persons at present greatly discouraged by the undue attention given to courses, lectures, and degrees, and (4) that the professors would become socialized by the dinners and dances that would undoubtedly be given in association with the inter-university faculty sports, thus becoming more desirable dancing partners than most of them are at present, and also more susceptible to the power of personal charm in the matter of raising a perfectly nice girl's failure to a pass.

I have avoided thus far touching on the financial side of the proposal, but I may say that it is my belief that the staffs of the various universities could count on an excellent attendance not only from those of their own number not actually playing on the various teams, but also from the student bodies which would gladly encourage their instructors in any movement so well worth while. Any profits remaining over and above expenses could be divided among the professors in the various universities to enable them to pay for the different student functions and activities for which they get annually "stung" by canvassers, usually young ladies 'eximia pulchritudine parique verecundia,' as that incredibly dull old Pliny puts it.

I notice that I have omitted to say that ordinary considerations of decency and the social amenities would suggest that every team of professors going away from home to engage in an inter-university contest should be accompanied by some student chaperone, known either as

Dolly Dimple Chocolates.
Delivered 75c a Box. Ph. 4887.

TAXI

TWIN CITY
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The Hens lay 'em—we fry 'em
The Tuck Shop

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Any Railway in City

a man of great capacity or else gifted with a dry humor. This is a course of action regrettable but necessary so long as professors of the present type, the products of a palaeodipsomaniac past, continue to keep the newer neohydrous type out of those university chairs which are their just due.

Very truly yours,
W. H. ALEXANDER.
Department of Classics,
December 5, 1922.

Editors' Note:—The Editors are sorry for this palaeodipsomaniacal contributor. Perhaps the poor P. C. may find a grain of comfort in the fact that the Faculty of Agriculture is holding a special meeting this week "to discuss the question of putting on a complete course in Irrigation."

Mrs. Ethel Reese Burns
A.T.C.M.
Workshop for fundamentals in
expression
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Your Voice
may be improved
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L.T.C.M.
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CONVOCATION HALL

LETTER FROM A JUNIOR MEMBER OF THE STAFF

Athabasca Hall.

Editor, The Gateway,
Dear Sir:—Having heard that the next number of The Gateway is to be edited by the staff I am sending you this letter to publish.

When I was an undergraduate at the social life of the University. In fact, if some of the most attractive girls with extravagant tastes had not heard that I was going to become a College Professor I would have been married before this. Since coming to Alberta, as a junior member of the staff, I have found it very difficult to enter the social circles of either the staff or students. I have been invited to faculty homes for tea on Sundays, but that always makes me late for supper in hall. I then have to spend a lonely evening in my room, often hungry, and with nothing to cheer me up except my pipe and books. I have often considered calling on a girl in Pembina, but do not know whether it is proper for a member of the staff to do that sort of thing. It would also be very awkward to have Miss Dodd tell me to go home at ten o'clock.

Some of the members of the staff have advised me to find a girl in town, but when I think of the price of a taxi I think that the University girls would be more interesting to a College graduate. I have a number of very attractive girls in my class who look as if they would like to meet me, and whom I would enjoy knowing in a social way. I find it very hard to be fair in marking the test papers of the prettiest girls, and I try to pass them if possible. I went to the Saturday night dance a week ago and asked one of my favorites for a dance, thinking that when I told her that I had increased her marks 20 per cent. I would make a hit with her; but she told me that she had had all her dances taken a week ago, and that I would have to be the early bird to get a dance with her.

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THE MORNING MAIL

How many of the students who swarm round the post-office wicket like bees round a honey pot, regard Sub-station No. 11 as anything but a convenient institution through which they may get their letters from home, post their parcels, and buy their stamps and money orders? Do they ever wonder what is contained in the bundles of mail which the messenger carries every morning to the General Office, the library, and the various departments whose offices are in the Arts Building? If, some morning, an interested observer were to wait until the mob of students had dispersed, he would see emissaries from the Medical Building, and from the Science Buildings, north and south, carrying off armfuls of letters and parcels. He might see one leave the Post Office with a heavy mail bag slung over his shoulder, return presently with it empty, and carry it away again filled. If he were curious enough to follow, he would see him disappear in the south entrance of the old Medical Building, now the offices of the Department of Extension, and if he should go right in after him, he would see the bag emptied out to a large table in a room which, with its book-lined walls and stacks, looks very like a library. It is the library of the Department of Extension, from which books go out to all parts of the province.

To go through the morning mail of the Extension library is always somewhat of an adventure. The bulkiest part consists of books, sometimes new books from the publishers, but always and mostly library books being returned from country points. What tales those books could tell of their travels by train and motor car and wagon, of their reception in all kinds of homes, and of the comments upon them by all kinds of readers. But the interesting part of the mail is the letters. On a quiet day there may be nothing but routine letters, requests for information about the library service, acknowledgments of books received, or notices of others being returned. Such letters are easily and quickly dealt with, as are also requests for definite books, but they are not without their own interest, for the librarian can count among her friends men and women in various parts of the province with whom her first acquaintance was made through such a letter as the following:

Dear Sir:—I have heard that the Department of Extension lends books to people living in country districts. If this is so, I should like to avail myself of the privilege of using the library, and shall be obliged if you will send me all particulars about it.

On some days the mail brings one or more letters of the type known in the department as "testimonial" letters, somewhat after this fashion: "I am returning the book you sent me a few weeks ago. It gave me just the information I wanted."

or this: "The library has been received, and we think the selection very good. The books are quite suitable for our Sunday School library."

But there are days when each letter requires special thought and care, that the help given may be just what the writer, in his or her peculiar circumstances needs, and it is on such days that the mail is most interesting. Let us go through the pile.

The first letter is from a boy in a country school near the U. S. border, and reads:

"I am in Grade VIII, and have to write a composition on 'Gasoline: where it is found and how it is used.' Can you send me a book or pamphlet about it?"

It would be easy to make the mistake of sending something too difficult, so several books have to be consulted to find just the right one.

The next is from a country parson in the Acadia Valley district:

"I have a group of ten boys, ages 8 to 15, whom I have brought together in a club. They are all non-English, but all are able to read English more or less. Can you send me a number of books that would be suitable for a club library, some of which they could read themselves, and some that I could read to them or tell them stories from? Please choose as interesting books as you can, though they need not all be story-books."

The third letter is from a member of a U. F. A. local in the Peace River district:

"I have to read a paper at our next meeting on some educational subject and can't think of anything to write about. Please send something you think would do."

The fourth is from a country teacher, beyond Edson, asking for material for a Christmas concert. One correspondent wants biographical information about Mussolini, another the name of the smallest kingdom in the world, its area and population. Other requests are for statistics of immigration into Canada for the last ten years, a recipe for pickling green tomatoes; books for a course of study in French art; identification of a bird seen and described by the writer; material for a paper on the Near East; a plan and instructions for building a fireplace. Here is a rare specimen of its kind:

"Dear sir, I am interested in prehistoric stons emeralds roobies etc please send me a book about jewls."

There is one from Fort Norman: "I am very sorry that the library which you sent us in the summer of 1921, and which should be returned this summer just missed the last boat of the season. This means that we shall not be able to return it until the summer of 1923. Please accept my sincere apologies. Perhaps you would not so much mind our holding the books for another year if you knew how greatly the men have appreciated them and what a pleasure they have been to us through the long winter days." Still another has a Scandinavian signature:

"I should like to use my leisure time this winter in improving my composition and reading good books. Can you help me?"

This is the first letter in a correspondence which continues throughout the winter. The writer following a course similar to, but more elastic than Freshman English, and apparently enjoying it thoroughly.

This is the part of the work which the librarian likes best, and promises to become more and more one of the functions of the Extension library. Men and women all over the province are finding that it is possible, through the department, to continue an education, which, begun in school, was interrupted all too soon by the necessity of earning a living. Now they can choose any subject they like and follow it as far as they care to. This is what makes it a very wonderful adventure indeed to go through the morning mail.

—JESSIE F. MONTGOMERY.

FOUND

On Saturday evening, Nov. 25, on 89th Ave., in front of the Medical Building, a man's belt. Apply at The Gateway office.

FACULTY GIVES STUDENTS SHOCK

Profs. in Rambunctious Temper Put It Over Youths in First Combat of the Season

(By Special Wire)

EDMONTON, Dec. 1st.—Faculty sprung a surprise by defeating the Students in the first game of the series, the finals of which will be played in May. Initiation and the Sophomore dance made the field slippery for the students, and they suffered because they did not know the style of play of their opponents. Most of the student players were from the first two years, but a few Juniors and Seniors made the team.

The line-up was as follows:

Faculty	Position	Students
Sheldon (Capt)	quarter	Math 1
Smith	no quarter	Physics 1
Salter	half	English 1
Long	short	Hist. 1
Howes	inside	Agric. 1
Alexander	outside	Latin 1
Hardy	offside	Greek 1
McGibbon	full	Economics 1
Lehmann	half full	Chem. 1
Scholastic Standing	Last year's Committee	sub. failures
Calendar	Regulations	sub. Everyone
Referee	Mr. Knowledge	

Large numbers of spectators followed the game including a small contingent of parents who were kept informed of the plays by radio. The Profs had it over the boys in weight, but were not as slippery as the eager learners.

Students Have Hard Luck in First Quarter

The students advance 20 yards when Last Year's Failures break through, but on a fumble the ball is captured by the Committee on Scholastic Standing who makes the first score for Faculty. The students tried to change the referee at this point, but Mr. Knowledge is upheld by most of the players and the game is continued. Calendar Regulations tackled Last Year's Failures so hard that he was put off injured, and cannot hope to be in the game again until next February. Math. 1 carried the ball to Faculty's 10-yard line, but stumbled over a square-root and lost the ball to Sheldon who carried it forward 60 yds. and hit it with his slide rule for a try. Score, 10-0.

Second Quarter
Agriculture 1 got the ball and making a light lunch of Howes made the first and only score for the students. Latin 1 was put off for knocking out two of Alexander's teeth. English 1 essayed a drop kick, but it was caught by Salter, who punctuated the Students' line and made the third down for Faculty. At this point Long was put off for swearing at History 1, and his place was taken by Lehmann. Lehmann feeling fresh, pulled off an old play, which only gained 5 yards. Physics 1 got the ball and made a brilliant run, but was tackled low by Gravity Smith and hit the ground with a force— $\frac{1}{2}mv^2$. Score 15-5.

Faculty Bucks the Line; Students

Pass the Buck—Last Quarter

The last period saw the Students crumble under the sledge hammer blows of the Faculty. Several stu-

dents will carry the marks of Faculty's brutal attack for months. Sheldon quadrated down the field, evading imaginary numbers of students, and slipped the pig-skin over the X-axis, making the score 20-5 for the Faculty.

Pip Owen and his Greek rooters could not cheer up the students, and the last ten minutes of play was a riot of scoring for Faculty. Final score, 25-5.

The students are eager for the next battle, and have the hope to lick the High Browns. The Faculty team is in good condition, and after the friendly game with the Senior students in December will be in the pink of condition. Referee Knowledge understood the game and gave complete satisfaction to one team at least.

After the game the Freshman Committee entertained the students informally.

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Research Work on Diabetes

Very intensive research work is being conducted in the Department of Biochemistry of the University of Alberta on the nature and physiological properties of the internal secretion of the pancreas under the direction of Professor J. B. Collip. It has long been known that the disease diabetes mellitus is in some way associated with disordered function of the pancreas gland. Until recently, however, numerous attempts by investigators in various countries to demonstrate positively that the pancreas gland produces an internal secretion which regulates sugar metabolism have met with little success. A little over a year ago the whole problem was again opened for re-investigation in Professor J. J. R. MacLeod's laboratory in the University of Toronto. The earlier work was carried out by Dr. Banting and Mr. Best. These two investigators, working under Dr. MacLeod's direction, obtained conclusive proof that an internal secretion is produced by the pancreas, and that the metabolism of sugar is influenced profoundly by it. When it had been established that a potent principle was present in the pancreas gland, the next essential step in the investigation was the isolation of the active substance in some fair degree of purity. This was absolutely necessary before the utility of the internal secretion in the treatment of diabetes could be ascertained. A comprehensive study of the physiological mechanism through which the principle worked

was likewise dependent upon the use of a purified extract of definite potency and of stable nature.

This was a purely biochemical problem and Professor Collip was invited as a biochemist to endeavor to solve it. In this he met with signal success. The purified pancreatic extract prepared by the Collip process has been given the name of "Insulin", due to the fact that it is elaborated by the cells in the "insular portion of the pancreas gland."

The scientific results obtained by the group of workers in Toronto up to the first of June, 1922, have been published jointly by the original group. At this date the original group disbanded. Professor Collip returning to his home laboratory to continue investigation on the insulin problem, chiefly along chemical and physiological lines. A grant from the Carnegie Foundation making this possible, Professor MacLeod and his staff continued further physiological investigation. Dr. Banting devoted himself to clinical work essentially.

Since Dr. Collip's return to Alberta, he has obtained considerable new data on the nature and activity of insulin. In addition to preparing enough of the potent principle for experimental use, a small surplus has recently been available for clinical testing.

A small group of very severe cases of diabetes are at present receiving treatment in the University hospital.

Symphony Orchestra Concert

The Edmonton Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of the season on Sunday evening, December 10th. The evening was very cold, and it required courage to venture out. However, the Empire Theatre was comfortably filled and there could be no better indication than this that there are in the city a large number of music lovers who are genuinely appreciative of the efforts of the Symphony Orchestra. The theatre was cold, and this no doubt interfered to some extent with the work of the musicians, and detracted from the enjoyment of the audience. Nevertheless, the concert was of the usual high order, and was perhaps from a technical and artistic point of view the best yet given. There has been marked improvement in the strings, particularly in the first violins, and there was a noticeable softening in the brass instruments, although there is, in this respect, still much to be desired.

The program was popular, but was of high artistic merit. The opening number consisted of selections from the opera "Madame Butterfly." Though in this opera Puccini has not risen to the heights of "Bohème" and "Tosca" from a purely musical point of view he has succeeded in combining a brilliant mastery of the art of orchestration, with a remarkable dramatic power in such a way as to give the strong emotion appeal, which specially characterizes this composition. It is, of course, very difficult even under the most favourable circumstances for the orchestra to give adequate expression to the local colouring and the dramatic situations apart from the stage settings to which the music is so admirably adapted, and it must be admitted that on Sunday evening it was an impossible undertaking to convert the chilly draughtiness of the theatre into the wonderful atmosphere of "Madame Butterfly."

In "Scenes Alsaciennes," the second number, Massenet gives us four beautiful scenes from his native land, Alsace, for which he fought in 1870. There are some wonderful orchestral effects which were well brought out. The third number was particularly well received and it occurred to the writer that a little more consideration on the part of the conductor for the obvious desire that it should be repeated, might have added an indescribable something to the sympathetic relation between the audience and the orchestra.

The soloist of the evening, Capt. W. H. Edwards, sang an old favourite, the Prologue from "Pagliacci." I did not feel that he quite rose to the dramatic heights demanded in this wonderful piece of music. However, he was warmly applauded and responded to an encore by singing "The Gypsy Trail." Mr. Vernon Barford accompanied in his usual artistic manner.

In the "Dance Macabre" the orchestra gave a very satisfying interpretation of Saint-Saens' great symphonic poem. Fine imaginative elements, combined with a remarkable technique have made this composition one of the author's masterpieces. Four Indian Love Lyrics by Amy Woodforde Finden, with their beautiful melodies, rich harmonies and delicate colourings, were delightfully played, and much appreciated. The Overture "Robespierre," descriptive of events of the French Revolution, was an excellent closing number.

M. Henri Baron conducted. His style is not exactly what one would expect from a Frenchman, but one is impressed with the fact that he knows his music and is sincere in his interpretation. He has complete control over his orchestra, which shows the results of careful rehearsing. We may look forward with confidence to the remaining concerts of the season.

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INTER-CLASS PLAY COMPETITION

The Dramatic Society will present the Annual Inter-Class Play Competition in Convocation Hall on Friday evening, December 15, at 8 p.m.

The following are the plays to be presented:

Seniors—The Old Lady Shows Her Medals (Barrie).
Juniors—The Little Silver Swallow (McLeod).
Sophs.—Barbara's Wedding (Barrie).
Freshmen—Beauty and the Jacobin (Tarkington).

Admission 50c. Students' tickets, 35c.

Everybody come and watch your year win the shield.

Northern Lights

Three days a week the A. & G. W. leaves on its perilous voyage to Lac la Biche and Fort McMurray. After an hour or more of bumping about the yards at West Edmonton, the squeaking, screaming "accommodation" moved out on its uncertain way. "How long to Fort McMurray?" I said to the young brakie, who in some miraculous way kept his feet between the day coach and the express car. "Three days if we are lucky, or maybe eleven days; depends on how many times we run off the track." An hour or more after we are well away from Edmonton we come into a muskeg country covered with shrubs, spruce and jack-pine, and little bunches of white birch and poplar, in a wilderness of bog. About every few miles there are oases of high, rich land, and here are settlers, log houses, log barns, with a few acres cleared, and the settler depending for his revenue upon the return from a small herd of cattle. The grazing facilities in this country are of the best, and the next day's incoming train will carry a carload of cream from these isolated homesteads.

There is no diner on the mid-week train to Fort McMurray, but I happened to know the expressman, and he invited me into his private car. After we had done ample justice to a meal of sausages and fried eggs, the newsboy came in and begged for a meal. After he had demolished several sausages he stopped with a look of horror on his face—"Say, cook, is there any pork by them sausages yet?" "Sure they are all pork, Ikey." "Oy! Oy! I am ruined—vell I might die for a lamb as by a sheep; give me some more sausage."

Late on the following afternoon I arrived at my destination, and was dumped off with my moving picture machine at a siding between Lac la Biche and Fort McMurray. I was billed to spend a week in this district, and I wondered where I would find a settlement. On all sides the mosquitoes buzzed a welcome, but I saw no signs of human life. However, as the train disappeared into the distance, I heard the crash of a Bain wagon coming through the woods over a corduroy road, and soon a large genial Swede, driving a magnificent gray horse, pulled up to tracks. "That is a beautiful horse you have there, Ole—where did you get him?" I said. "I ban 10 years in dis country and dis is the first time I got anything for nothing—I buy a ticket for 50c at a raffle last week, and by yimminy I got a horse worth \$500.00." Ten miles away we found his shack, and dined on the inevitable bachelor's solace—boiled eggs, strong tea, and some black bread; then away to the school where the first show of the series was to be given. The place was packed to the doors. The audience was made up of Norwegians and Swedes, some of whom had driven great distances with their heavy wagons crowded with women and children. To most of them it was their first moving picture show. Our method in such instances depends entirely upon the audience. Usually it is well to get the boys and girls singing some easy chorus like "John Brown's Baby Had a Cold Upon Its Chest," or "The Days of the Week," and then after one has established a feeling of good-will the way is open to tell them of the share they may claim as citizens of Alberta in the many good things the University has to offer through its Department of Extension. I was greatly impressed with the intelligence and ready wit of both the children and their parents. Coming as they do from a country where primary education is compulsory, the Scandinavians are more keenly interested in learning than any other of our new Canadian citizens. Alberta has the largest share of the 75,000 or 80,000 Scandinavians in Canada. They are nearly all farmers, and for the most part well to do.

In the audience that night in the very front seat I noticed three little boys. One of them had lost an arm, and the other an eye, while the third had a badly scarred face. I found that they were neither able to speak nor understand English, and that they had just arrived within the past month from Poland. The little boy of fifteen years, whose arm was off above the elbow, had lost it while serving in the trenches, while the little lad with the scarred face and the other one, younger still, who had lost an eye, had been blown up by a shell in their own home. It is difficult to picture the way in which these little lads tried to join in the singing of these simple choruses and their enthralled interest in their first moving picture show, but the thing about them that struck me most keenly was the fact that they did not seem to know how to laugh. When the others were rocking with laughter at the comic actions of Charlie Chaplin, these little fellows who had seen so much, sat with stolid faces and eyes dark with a history of untold suffering.

I spent that week from one house to another mostly among foreigners. Their houses are clean, and their food well prepared, and they seemed to be in a far better financial condition than most of our English-speaking settlers in the same district. On the third day I drove 12 miles to an English settlement, and stayed with some people upon whose lives fate had written tragedy in big letters. The father had been big-ridden for seven years, and the mother with the help of a grandson fifteen years of age had heroically kept the

farm going. It is not an easy thing to care for a sick man, milk cows, and direct the work in the fields, and of course the home itself was cheerless and depressing. It rained heavily that night, and only a few people came to the school house, so we gathered in the home of the sick man, and propping him up on some cushions, we gave the show in the room of the log shack where he could enjoy it as well as the rest.

It is impossible to tell in a limited space of this kind an adequate story of the kind of work the Department of Extension carries on through its lecture and moving picture programme throughout the Province, but the above may serve to show that as we move about among the people, we are making some contribution at least towards strengthening the morale of those hard-pressed pioneers who at present are possibly living through as difficult times as any pioneers have ever seen. It often seems to us that our lectures, being for the most part of a more or less popular nature, are of little educational value, but I am inclined to think that for the present at least there is no other way in which this work can be carried on that would be anything like as effective. The value of the work depends more upon the personality of the representative of the Department, and his ability to adapt himself to the conditions of the particular group he visits, than upon his academic equipment. Year in and year out, in cold weather and in the heat of summer, the Director of the Department of Extension and his associates work according to a programme similar to that outlined above. The more intensive work carried on by Mr. Paton in the way of tutorial classes among Labor groups is another story, but in one way and another, through travelling libraries, the open shelf library, moving picture and slide service, lectures, conferences, the supplying of debating material and the organization of the High School Debating League, last year this Department reached directly over 30 per cent. of the population of Alberta.

—E. A. CORBETT.

NOTICE

The last meeting of the Debating Society before Xmas will be held in A 139 on Monday, Dec. 18th at 4.30. Prof. E. D. McPhee will speak on "The Psychology of Persuasion." The meeting is open to all who wish to hear Prof. McPhee on this fundamental element of public speaking.

"Wood burns because it has the proper stuff in it; and a man becomes famous because he has the proper stuff in him." —Goethe.

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